

## Throwing You For a Loop by Dariary\_Absentee

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Billy Hargrove Tries to Be a Better Person, Billy hates surprises, Everyone curses, Fluff, Just Add Kittens, M/M, White Knight Harrington, a blindfold is involved in the least sexy way possible, but that's just realism, maybe a little itty bitty bit of angst, this could be rated G but..., which makes it wholesome again

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

**Relationships:** Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

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**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 1,195

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**Summary:**

That one time where Steve had no self-preservation skills, took Billy on a blindfolded adventure, nearly gave him a heart attack and risked getting nailed in the face again...just to prove a point.

## Throwing You For a Loop

“Serious question right now, Hargrove. Are you allergic to anything?” Steve asked. He’s been hearing his voice from behind him for the last few feet, like some disembodied voice from one of those science fiction movies those dweebs like so much.

“What?” Billy whipped around blindly to try to catch Steve. He’s always just out of his reach, which feels more like a metaphor than anything else at this point. “Why do you need to know if I’m allergic to anything?”

“Yes or no?” How Billy could tell he was stifling one of his laughs was discomfoting, to say the least, but he had more pressing things to think about-like the fact that he’s completely blinded. “Billy,” his heart jumped when he used his first name. “Yes or no?”

*Blindfolded, first.* He reminded himself.

Billy scowled, stuffing the feeling down for later...or never, whichever came first. “What kinky shit are you getting me into, Harrington? I’m blindfolded.”

Steve came up close to him from the side this time. “You’re in public and people are starting to stare. Answer the fucking question, Hargrove.” He hissed softly into his ear. Billy already knew they were at least on a sidewalk somewhere. He could feel the cement under his feet and the occasional car making a chugging noise at a stop sign or a light. He knows for sure they’re at a street corner. There’s only so many of those in Hawkins, Indiana.

“No. I’m not allergic to anything. Can you take this fucking thing off me already?”

Steve’s responded by pushing him from behind again. “I will in a few minutes. I promise you’re fine, calm down. Be lucky I didn’t stuff a dishrag in your mouth or something.”

Normally those words would put him on edge, *calm down* are the words he hears when everything’s gone red. Coming from Steve, he

almost believes them. *Almost* . His stomach lurched at the awful smell, the first thing to alert him he was inside a building. He heard a bell jingle as Steve used his body to press the front door open.

“I know this whole town smells like cowshit, but what the hell is this?”

“Sorry about him,” he heard Steve apologize, probably for his language. Billy couldn’t care less, most people start cursing when they get blindfolded and carted off to a building that smells like actual shit. “And thanks a million, I owe you for this,” Steve said. Billy rolled his eyes underneath the blindfold, that’s probably why all the adults that do know Steve Harrington like him so much. He’s a kiss-ass, a grade A-almost Tommy level kiss-ass.

“Where are we?” He reached up to rip the blindfold off. He could feel Steve’s smooth fingers catch his own and lower them.

“I promise you’re fine, Jesus,” Steve chuckled. “You ever notice you’re pretty jumpy for someone that likes to beat people’s faces in?”

Billy frowned up at him. He can feel him standing in front of him and smell the soap and something else on his skin. “You ever notice you’re kind of a dickhole?” he threatened.

Steve sighed, “it’s just an observation, not an insult. I didn’t mean it like that. C’mon, we’re almost there.” He pulled him forward by the cuff of his denim jacket. Part of him noted the heat of his hand hovering just above his own as he dragged him deeper into the building. Where things were quiet, where they were completely alone.

He swallowed thickly. “Where are you taking me?” Billy demanded.

“You don’t like surprises, do you?” Steve asked lightly. “I’d almost say you hate them.”

Billy growled. “I’m blindfolded, Harrington. Did the concept get caught in your fucking hair? Of course, I’m pissed, I’m--” He yelped. Not screamed, not gasped, yelped like a little girl. *Like Max*.

Steve started laughing at Billy fucking Hargrove, dubbed Dustin--the

Barbarian--red faced and panicked with a small orange cream colored kitten in his arms. "What the hell is touching me, Harrington?" He asked in a fearful voice, just above a whisper.

Steve snickered, he'd kill for a camera, if only he'd brought Jonathan along. The comedic value could easily outdo his stylistic needs. "Stop freaking out," he snickered.

Billy tensed. "It's *moving*."

He slipped the blindfold off him, he's already halfway to a full on conniption and Steve's sees no point in completely bringing him to one. Even if it's almost funny. "Jeez, everything's fine," Steve insisted. He took the kitten from Billy and held it up to him with one hand. "Tiny, orange kitten. That's what it was."

He stared at it, letting the realization catch up with him.

It's a kitten.

A fucking kitten.

He screamed...because there was a *kitten* walking on him.

"Lucy," Steve gestured to the kitten. "Scaredy-cat," he jerked his head in his direction. "A little less scared now that you're introduced?" He never thought his face could turn so red, it was nearly the color of his deep red shirt. Billy looked at the wall of kittens to his left and right. A parakeet trilled behind him and he jumped. Steve laughed, his eyes crinkled shut to show off more that bright smile, he's starting to like so much. "Jesus, you're skittish," he laughed.

*Skittish. I'll show him fucking skittish.* "Fuck you, Harrington," Billy glared at him.

Lucy squealed in Steve's hand. "I told you you'd be absolutely fine." He dropped her gingerly onto Billy's shoulder where she slid down his chest back into his arms, she nuzzled like she belonged there. Steve watched Billy delicately settle Lucy again so she was easier to hold onto. He worked his jaw a little, the words he rehearsed in the shower, didn't seem adequate anymore. "So when, uh...I say something, I mean what I'm trying to say is like..." He scratched the

back of his neck and looked down at Billy's shoes. "I mean it, Dustin says I suck at lying anyway," he muttered.

Billy didn't say anything, he ran his calloused finger under Lucy's chin. He feels weirdly terrified by how small she is, but okay with her...and okay with Steve being here, watching him. Billy looked around the store, to keep himself from looking at him. "That why everybody likes you so much, princess?"

Steve shrugged, "uh...I uh...I guess." He has no clue why people like him. He never thought people liked him too much, they liked King Steve.

Billy started to walk the aisles slowly with Lucy in his arms. Steve followed after him a little nervously. "So, now...when I say I forgive you, I'm not pissed you 'turned my face into a crater' anymore" he recited. "You can cut it out with the pity parties and just believe me for now on, right?"

"Shut up--"

Steve blinked. "Huh?"

Billy held up Lucy a little, "she's trying to sleep, asshole." Steve looked down at Lucy in his arms, like he'd forgotten she was even there, let alone in a pet store. "And...yeah, sure, princess, as long you don't throw me for any more loops."

"No more surprises," Steve nodded. "I can do that."